

Demons of the Mind

by D.M.P

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Summary: Poem which takes a look into Alloran's thoughts and the dark visions that lie within

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Days of endless misery

Interlocked with bouts of pain

Sprung up by the memory

Of sorrow and of shame

Regrets of the past

Is the only thing I find

As the people of the dead

Walk as demons in my mind

Tired as I am, I walk on

My body fighting for control

From the sinister force

Which is crushing my soul

Invisible anguish I express

Only on the plain of thought
And the sacred freedom
Is now something I have sought
Now ghosts walk in daylight
As I unwillingly re-live the past
In the horrible disease of the head
Which makes the darkness always last
The black stain is always there
Eternal scars I can recall
Plaguing me with the deeds
That led to my dishonored fall
A silent killer flew
Through the air on dark wings
Slaying the helpless ones
Eleven million beings
Next I see the screaming desperates
Dragged into the pool of shadow
While my captor stands in charge
And I watch, my spirit bowed.
Then I am in the killing fields
While the ones I had protected died
Standing amid the drying blood
My captor laughed while I had cried
Waiting in the blackness
These visions are now fading
But to only spring again anew
Forever-lasting, my soul bleeding
What of hope, of joy, of love?
Do I still have these feelings inside?
No, they have but withered away

I'm but an blank shell of tortured hide.

Raven forms dancing in my head

Taunting me with the pain

Of the Past, Present, and Future

Full of loss, instead of gain

My Past is full of horror

Present and Future just the same

Will happiniess ever touch

My weary soul again?

End
file.